

DELL
Western
Adventure

FEB.-APRIL
Still 10¢

LAWMAN



John Russell

Peter Brown

A Message for the Marshal

Marshal Dan Troop plans for a short holiday and gives Deputy Johnny McKay complete instructions for carrying on in his absence.



But as soon as he is gone, Laramie is besieged by ruthless men who threaten the lives of innocent townspeople. Johnny finds himself trapped, and unable to leave the scene to send for help.

Everything depends on Johnny's ability to successfully get a message through to Marshal Troop . . . for only the marshal would know how to cope with the desperadoes.



Hide-Out in Laramie

The peculiar behavior of a newcomer to town and the sudden appearance of two strangers arouses the suspicions of Marshal Troop. Within minutes, he and Deputy McKay ride out, hoping they will be in time to administer justice and prevent more crime in the territory.



LAWMAN A MESSAGE for the MARSHAL

I SHOULD BE BACK
SOMETIME TOMORROW
AFTERNOON, JOHNNY. IF
ANYTHING COMES UP,
I'LL ME AT CARSON'S
CREEK...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
A THING, MARSHAL
TEDDY! YOU JUST
ENJOY YOUR FISHIN'!

MARSHAL'S
OFFICE



IF I CAN'T RUN THINGS
LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU
TO HAVE A DAY'S
VACATION, I'M NOT
MUCH OF A
DEPUTY!

I'LL BRING
US BOTH BACK
SOME MOUNTAIN
TRUST, JOHNNY!



AS DAN SPURS UP THE STREET...

ALBERT, YOU
COME BACK
HERE!



LEGGO OF ME, MA!

I OUGHTA WHALE
THE DAYLIGHT'S OUT
OF YOU, BOY!



LAWMAN #1 - 606

TROUBLE,
MRS. STONE?

THIS BOY'S ALWAYS
TROUBLE! I'VE NEVER SEEN
SUCH A COMOTION OVER
A HAIRCUT! YOU'D THINK
I WAS GOING TO HAVE
HIM KILLED!



LAWMAN, No. 1, Feb., 1935. Published weekly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 350 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Seligson, P. Publisher; Ralph Meyer, President; Paul J. Lyle, Executive Vice-President; Harold Cline, Vice-President; Advertising: Albert J. Gussman, Treasurer; Distribution: for second-class only pending at the Post Office at New York, New York, under permit No. 10, and Postoffice and License No. per year, \$200.00; for third-class only, \$100.00 per year, \$100.00; for fourth-class only, \$100.00 per year, \$100.00; for fifth-class only, \$100.00 per year, \$100.00. All rights reserved throughout the world. Registered with Copyright © 1935, by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers, stores of authorized copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for purposes, advertising, or otherwise, are strictly forbidden.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

DON'T WANT A
HAIRCUT! I LIKE
MY OL' HAIR JUST
THE WAY IT IS!

SETTLE DOWN, SON!
YOUR MA KNOWS
WHAT'S BEST FOR
YOU!



I WON'T DO IT, MARSHAL!
GO AHEAD — ARREST ME!
PUT ME IN JAIL!

SEE WHAT I
MEAN, MARSHAL?
WHAT CAN I DO?



SOMETIMES A FIRM HAND
APPLIED TO THE SEAT OF
THE MATTER WORKS
WONDERS, MRS. STONE!

I THINK I SEE
WHAT YOU
MEAN, MARSHAL!



NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO GET
THAT HAIRCUT OR DO YOU WANT
MORE OF THE SAME!

OOOOWW!
ALL RIGHT!
I'LL GET THE
HAIRCUT!



OOOOWWW...
YOU'RE HURTIN'
MY EAR!

YES, SIR, I THINK THIS
FISHING TRIP IS JUST
WHAT I NEED! A
WHOLE DAY AND NIGHT OF
PEACE AND
QUIET!



SHORTLY, OVERLOOKING THE TRAIL OUTSIDE OF
TOWN...

SOMEONE'S
COMIN' NOW...



THAT'S MARSHAL TROOP,
ALL RIGHT! NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT...

AND YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL
BE GONE ALL DAY!



POSITIVE! HEARD HIM
TALKIN' TO HIS DEPUTY
LAST NIGHT... HE'S
GOING FISHIN'!

GOOD! THAT'LL
MAKE OUR FISHIN'
A LOT EASIER!



YEAH! WITH JUST A
DEPUTY TO WORRY
ABOUT, WE OUGHTA
BE ABLE TO HIT THAT
LAGARVE BANK EASY!

LET'S GO! I
GOT MY GUN
BAITED WITH
BULLETS FOR
THE BIG
CATCH!



LATER...

THE BANK'S
JUST DOWN
THE STREET!

LET'S MAKE SURE
WE KNOW WHERE THE
DEPUTY IS BEFORE WE
MOVE! YOU BOYS STAY
HERE... I'LL HAVE A
LOOK AROUND...

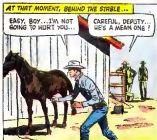


GOON'S TAKES UP A POSITION NEAR THE
MARSHAL'S OFFICE, AND SOON...

JUST WHERE IS
THIS LOOSE
HORSE, FRED?

BACK OF THE STABLE,
JOHNNY! ME'N PETS
BARNES TRIED TO CATCH
IT BUT COULDN'T GET
CLOSE...









UNABLE TO ACT, JOHNNY MCKEY IS HELPLESS AS THE OUTLAWS MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE...



ON THE TRAIL...

WHAT... WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO
WITH US ?

YOU LIVE
ALONE ?

JUST ME AND MY BOY,
ALBERT... BUT WE HAVEN'T
ANY MONEY ! PLEASE,
DON'T —

JUST HEAD TO
YOUR PLACE !
WE'LL STAY
THERE TILL
WE GET SOME
HORSES !



THAT DEPUTY IS GOING TO
BE LOOKING FOR US... AND
AS LONG AS WE HAVE YOU
WITH US, THERE'S NOTHIN'
HE CAN DO !

SOON...

THEY'RE GOING
IN THE HOUSE
WITH THEM !

IF WE TRY TO FIGHT
THEM, THEY'LL HURT
MRS. STONE AND
THE BOY !



WHAT'RE
YOU
GONNA
DO,
JOHNNY ?

I DON'T KNOW, FRED...
BUT ONE THING I'M SURE
OF... MARSHAL TROOP IS
GOING TO HAVE TO CUT
MY FISHING TRIP SHORT !

I HATE TO CALL HIM BACK,
BUT THIS IS ONE TIME WE
NEED HIM ! CAN ONE OF
YOU RIDE TO CARSON'S
CREEK AND GET HIM ?

I'LL GO,
DEPUTY...



DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, JOHNNY... WASN'T YOUR FAULT THIS HAPPENED!

I KNOW, FRED... BUT THIS WAS DEN'S FIRST HOLIDAY IN A YEAR! I WAS SURE I COULD HANDLE THINGS... AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THE SKY FELL IN!



THROUGHOUT THE DAY, THE MEN KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE ON THE RANCH AND THEN, AS DARKNESS FALLS...

NOT A SIGN OF MOVEMENT DOWN THERE!

IF ONLY WE KNEW WHAT WAS GOIN' ON...



IT'LL BE DARK IN A FEW MINUTES... I'M GOING TO TRY AND GET CLOSER... SEE IF MRS. STONE AND THE BOY ARE ALL RIGHT...



UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, JOHNNY MOVES IN CLOSER TO THE RANCH HOUSE...



SHORTLY...

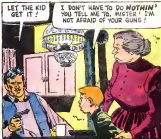
HURRY UP WITH THAT SOUP, LADY!

I'LL GET SOME MORE WATER!



LET THE KID GET IT!

I DON'T HAVE TO DO NOTHING! YOU TELL ME TO, FISTER! I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOUR GUNS!



LISTEN TO ME, SONNY, I'M
SICK OF YOUR BACK TALK!

LEMMIE
GO!



I'LL LET YOU GO AFTER
I TEACH YOU A LESSON!

PLEASE!
DON'T HURT
HIM!



JOHNNY IS UNABLE TO WATCH ANY LONGER...

LET THEM GO! I'LL
EXCHANGE PLACES!
IF YOU HOLD ME,
YOU'LL HAVE A
CHANCE!

WHAAAA?



I'M THE DEPUTY...
I'M HERE **ALONE!**

TOSS IN
YOUR GUN...



NOW COME THROUGH
THAT WINDOW... **SLOW!**



SO YOU'RE GONNA
BE A BIG **HERO**,
ER, DEPUTY?

RELEASE THE WOMAN AND
BOY AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU
GET TO THE BORDER
UNHARMED...





SEEMS LIKE A
FAIR DEAL...BUT
WE'LL NEED
HORSES!

MRS. STONE CAN SEND ONE
OF THE TOWNSMEN IN WITH
THREE HORSES IN THE MORNING
...WE'LL LEAVE AT DAYBREAK!
BY CROSSING CARSON'S CREEK
WE CAN REACH THE BORDER
BY NOON!



YOU HEAR THAT, LADY? HE'S GIVIN'
YOU A BREAK...NOW
YOU DO JUST LIKE
THE DEPUTY SAYS...
UNLESS YOU WANT TO
BE RESPONSIBLE FOR
HIS DEATH!

Y—YES...
I'LL DO IT!



THANK YOU,
DEPUTY JINKAY
...W—WE OWE
OUR LIVES TO
YOU!

DON'T WORRY, MRS.
STONE...I'LL BE ALL
RIGHT!



MAYBE YOU WILL, DEPUTY...
ALL DEPENDS ON US GETTIN'
OUT OF HERE! IF YOU TRY
ANY TRICKS TONIGHT, YOU'LL
BE REAL JORDY YOU
HELPED THOSE TWO!

LEAST WE'LL GET
SOME GUILT WITH
THE DEPUTY HERE...
THAT KID WAS
WORSEN A STRING
OF FIRECRACKERS!



ON THE HILL
OVERLOOKING
THE RANCH
SHORTLY AFTER
MARSHAL
DAN TROOP
ARRIVES...

...AND JOHNNY WENT DOWN TO HAVE
A LOOK, MARSHAL!
HE'S BEEN GONE—

A BUCKBOARD!
IT'S MRS. STONE
AND HER BOY!

SWANN STONE EXPLAINS WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

...AND IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT BRAVE DEPUTY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT MIGHT'VE HAPPENED! THE WAY ALBERT WAS TALKING... THOSE MEN WERE AWFULLY ANGRY!

DEPUTY M'KAY MIGHT'VE BEEN BRAVE, MA... BUT HE'S SURE NOT VERY SMART!



LOOK, SON... EASE UP ON THAT KIND OF TALK! THIS IS A SERIOUS PROBLEM. AND —

BUT GOSH, MARSHAL... THE DEPUTY SAID WE WAS CROSSIN' CARSON'S CREEK TO THE BORDER! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO THE BORDER!



ARE YOU SURE THAT'S WHAT JOHNNY SAID?

SURE! I WAS GONNA SAY SOMETHING BUT MA JERKED ME OUTA THERE SO FAST I DIDN'T HAVE TIME!



I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING, ALBERT... AND FOR ONCE I'M GLAD YOU SPOKE UP WITHOUT BEING ASKED!

HUH? WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? JUST CAUSE THE DEPUTY IS DUMB AND —



HE'S DUMB LIKE A FOX, BOY? FRED — PETE — YOU TWO COME WITH ME! ONE OF YOU OTHERS SEE THAT MRS. STONE AND HER BOY GET A PLACE TO STAY TONIGHT...



AND BE SURE THAT THOSE HORSES ARE DELIVERED TO THE RANCH AT SUN-UP... DON'T ANYONE TRY TO FOLLOW THEM... LEAVE THE REST TO US!



THE NEXT MORNING...

JUST REMEMBER, DEPUTY... IT'S THREE AGAINST ONE! YOU WERE HERO ENOUGH LAST NIGHT... DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK!

I VALUE MY LIFE, MISTER... DON'T WORRY!



AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES DISTANT...

PETE, YOU RIDE ON UP TO BOULDER HILL — SIGNAL US WHEN YOU SEE THEM COMING!

RIGHT, MARSHAL!



WE'LL TIE THE HORSES UP CREEK AWAYS AND HIDE NEAR THE TRAIL...

WHEN THEY GET HERE, I JUST HOPE **JOHNNY** IS READY! BECAUSE WHEN THE SHOOTIN' STARTS, HE SURE WON'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO GET CLEAR!



THE GROUP WAITS PATIENTLY AND FINALLY...



DAN SEES THE SIGNAL AND ACKNOWLEDGES THE WAVE...



WOIN'T BE LONG NOW.

THE OUTLAW'S APPROACH THE CREEK...

IF MRS. STONE OR HER SON DIDN'T TELL MARSHAL TROOP **EXACTLY** WHAT I SAID I'M A DEAD PIGEON! I HOPE HE GOT THE MESSAGE...





HOW ABOUT A
BATH, FRIEND?



THE OUTLAW LEADER FLEES UP
THE CREEK...



UNARMED, JOHNNY RUNS AFTER HIM...



IF I ONLY HAD A
GUN I COULD STOP
HIM!

JOHNNY GETS AN IDEA...

DAN'S FISHING POLE!
THIS IS WORTH A TRY!





THE HOOK
SNAGS THE
OUTLAW'S
JACKET...

YOU CAUGHT A
BIG ONE, JOHNNY!
HANG ON TO HIM!



THIS ONE ISN'T GETTING
AWAY, MARSHAL!

SORRY I HAD TO GET
YOU INTO ALL THIS,
MARSHAL TROOP...
KIND OF SPOILED YOUR
FISHING TRIP, DIDN'T
IT?



LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE A
BETTER FISHERMAN THAN
I AM, ANYWAY, JOHNNY!



LUCKY THING MRS.
STONE UNDERSTOOD
MY MESSAGE...

IT WASN'T MRS.
STONE, JOHNNY...
IT WAS ALBERT!



ALBERT? WELL
NOW, I GUESS I
OWE MY LIFE TO
THAT YOUNGSTER!

THAT SORT OF EVENING
UP THE SCOT, DOESN'T
IT? I BELIEVE HE
AND HIS MOTHER OWE
YOU FOR THEIR LIVES,
TOO!

THE LUCKY BUCK



THE HAZEN CITY RODEO IS ABOUT TO START AND THE CONTESTANTS ARE DRAWING THEIR HORSES FOR THE BUCKING-RIDING CONTEST...

DON'T PUSH BOYS! ONE AT A TIME! YOU'LL ALL GET SOMETHING TO RIDE, DON'T WORRY!

HOPE I GET A GOOD BUCKER.



I'D LIKE TO GET THE ROUGHEST ONE YOU'VE GOT! I WANT TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME!

TRAV!...TRAV DENTON, YOU OLD OWLHOOT!



WHY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE THROUGHTIVE WITH RODEOS... WHEN YOU LOST THE CHAMPIONSHIP A FEW YEARS AGO!

SO DID I, BEN! BUT YOU'VE HAD BAD LUCK LATELY! I'M DOWN TO MY LAST FEW BUCKS!



AND I JUST PAID THAT OUT IN ENTRANCE FEES OVER AT RODEO HEADQUARTERS!

WELL, YOU'RE UP AGAINST SOME TOUGH COMPETITION, TRAV... BUT I HOPE YOU WIN!



WHEN THE SADDLE BUCKING CONTEST IS ON, THE FIRST THREE RIDERS ARE SPILLED INTO THE DIRT...

GET SET, DENTON! YOU'RE NEXT!





TRAV DOES RIDE HIM LASTING OUT THE WILD PITCHING FORTY UNDER HIM, UNTIL THE WHISTLE BLOWS...









Big Jim Loftus walked slowly along the main street of Little Falls, enjoying the sights. He was quite a sight himself—six feet, four inches tall, with shoulders as wide as a door. He had a short, bushy beard, and his hair hadn't been cut for six months. And he was dirty! Clay mud caked his old boots and the torn knees of his trousers. Even his shirt was mud-colored. The only clean, bright things about him were his blue eyes and his fine, gleaming teeth.

Suddenly he let out a yell which stopped traffic and turned passersby pale.

"YEE-HOO!" he whooped. "I'm as hungry as a bear with two stomachs!"

He plunged into a restaurant, picked the first empty table, and sat down, beckoning to the pretty waitress.

"Bring me the best you've got!" he thundered, with a white-toothed grin.

The waitress looked this muddy man-mountain over and elevated her nose.

"Here's the menu!" she said, icily.

"I'll take ALL of it!" replied Big Jim, waving the card aside. "Don't worry, little girl—I can afford it! Here's for the meal—and here's for your tip!"

As he spoke, he rolled out on the table two gold nuggets as big as plums. Big Jim Loftus was like that: he never did anything in a small way, but when he had struck a rich placer pocket and come to town to spend it, he was magnificent!

Jim ate everything on that restaurant's menu, and then he headed for a barber shop, like the restaurant, it was a neat, quiet place. The barber wore a spotless white jacket, and he shuddered at the sight of Big Jim's muddy clothes and his matted, dirt-caked hair and beard.

"There's a public bath house down the street—" he began. But Big Jim cut him short.

"Till wash later," he grunted, dropping his two hundred and fifty pounds of bone and

muscle into the chair. "Give me a shave and a haircut. Throw in a massage, and all my hair is yours—for what you can get out of it! Is it a deal?"

The barber's face turned red, like that of an angry turkey gobbler.

"Absolutely not!" he sputtered. "I do a cash business, and the price for—for THAT HAY HARVEST will be two dollars!"

Big Jim settled back and chuckled.

"Two dollars it is, then," he replied. "But you bring a dish pan, or something, and save every scrap of hair you take off!"

The barber brought a big tin basin. He snipped and sheared and lathered and shaved and clipped for all of an hour. And with Big Jim watching him he saved every snipping—even to the lather and all the mud and assorted dirt mixed up in it.

When the job was done, Jim ordered the barber to fill the basin with water. Then he couched all the hair snippings, the locks and the curls until they were clean. After that he stirred them out with his fingers and tossed them aside.

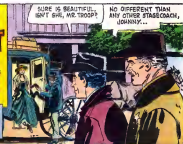
By this time three or four more customers had come into the shop. They all looked as if they thought Big Jim was crazy. And when Jim started sloshing the water out of the basin a little at a time, they were SURE that he was.

But Big Jim Loftus was anything but crazy. An experienced placer miner, he was simply washing the dirt from his hair and beard—a six month's accumulation—gathering the gold dust from it. When he finished he had a nice little spot of "color" in the pan. He pulled a big poke of gold dust and nuggets from his pocket and then poured in the newly washed dirt.

"About ten dollars and forty cents worth, barber!" he rumbled. "Gold right out of them thar hills! It would all have been yours, if you'd taken my deal...As it is you get just two dollars—cash!"

LAWMAN HIDE-OUT *in* LARAMIE

AS THE NOON STAGE ARRIVES IN LARAMIE, DEPUTY JOHN HAWKY WATCHES ONE OF THE PASSENGERS WITH INTEREST...



SURE IS BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T SHE, MR. TROOP?

NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OTHER STAGECOACH, JOHNNY...

NOT THE COACH — THE GIRL! SOME WOULD BE NICE TO TAKE SOMEONE LIKE HER TO THE TOWN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT!

CAN'T DO THAT UNLESS YOU GET ACQUAINTED, SON...

THANKS, MR. TROOP... THAT'S JUST WHAT I INTEND TO DO!



AFTERNOON, MISS... I'M JOHNNY HAWKY! MAY I HELP YOU WITH THOSE BAGS?

I CAN MANAGE JUST FINE. THANK YOU...

HERE, JUST LET ME —

I SAID I DIDN'T WANT ANY HELP!





JOHNNY HURRIES TO CATCH UP TO HER...

HELLO THERE, MISS!
REMEMBER ME?

PLEASE, DEPUTY...I
THOUGHT I MADE IT
CLEAR YESTERDAY...



ARE YOU
GOING TO
CONTINUE
TO ANNOY
ME?

ALL I WANT IS A CHANCE
TO TALK TO YOU! YOU'RE
A STRANGER IN TOWN
AND I'M ONLY TRYING
TO —



I WANT TO **REMAIN** A
STRANGER! IT WILL BE MUCH
EASIER IF YOU LEAVE ME ALONE!



AT THAT MOMENT, TWO STRANGERS RIDE INTO TOWN...



DAVIS AND RANKIN! THEY'VE
COME TO LARABEE!



PERHAPS I'VE
BEEN WRONG,
DEPUTY...

HUM?









DON TELLS THE GIRL WHAT HE KNOWS AND FINALLY...

I KNOW IT WAS WRONG TO RUN AWAY...BUT I WAS FRIGHTENED! THEY THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I TALKED!

THOSE THREATS CAN'T BE CARRIED OUT IF THEY'RE IN PRISON, MISS SLATER...



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND...NOW THEY'RE FREE AND THEY'VE COME LOOKING FOR YOU! YOU CAN'T KEEP RUNNING FOREVER!



JUST SAY THE WORD AND WE'LL ARREST THEM, MISS! IF YOU GO BACK TO RAWLINS AND TESTIFY, THEY'LL BE SENT TO PRISON FOR LIFE!

I...I JUST CAN'T...



I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE NO CHOICE, MISS SLATER...OR DID YOU FORGET THAT THE LAW HAS A WARRANT OUT FOR YOUR ARREST...? YOU HAVE TO TESTIFY! IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK!..



STAY WITH HER, JOHNNY...I'LL PICK UP BARKIN AND DAVIS!

I'LL WATCH HER, MR. TROOP!



CAN THEY REALLY FORCE ME TO GO BACK... DO I HAVE TO?

AFRAID SO, MISS... THERE'S A STAGE OUT OF HERE MONDAY TO RAWLINS...LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO BE ON IT!











AS THE
OUTLAWS
START
AFTER THE
TERRIFIED
GIRL, DON
AND JOHNNY
ARE RIGHT
BEHIND
THEM...

THERE
THEY ARE!

THE
LAW!

BLAM!
BLAM!



GO DOWN!
MY MAN!

ZING!



WHAM!

THUNK!



AND SHORTLY...

I WAS A FOOL, DEPUTY
...I KNOW NOW THAT I
WAS WRONG AND I
PROMISE TO GO BACK
TO TESTIFY! AND PLEASE
FORGIVE ME FOR HITTING YOU!

THAT KISS
YOU GAVE ME
KINDA MADE
UP FOR THE
BUMP ON MY
HEAD...



SINCE WE CAN'T RETURN
TO RAWLINS UNTIL MONDAY
MAYBE WE COULD HAVE
THAT SATURDAY DANCE
AFTER ALL...

YOU'D BETTER FORGET
THAT SMIT KICK I
MENTIONED, MR.
TROOP... I JUST
CHANGED MY
MIND!



Nothing in the world is like Wyoming's Yellowstone National Park. It is no wonder, then, that when the first white man to discover the spot reported seeing steam spray into the air, the earth bubble, and rivers cascade over magnificent falls, he was called a teller of tall tales.



John Colter, a fur trader, first discovered Yellowstone in the early 1800's. Later, Jim Bridger, the famous scout, also saw it and recounted fantastic tales of this region of breathtaking beauty and weird wonders.



Not until 1870 did an official mapping party make a serious search for the place which had been reported before in such unbelievable superlatives. Starting out in disbelief, they remained to marvel.



As a result, Yellowstone became the first of our national parks. Today, there is a chain of them all across the country — land reserved by a government of the people for the enjoyment of all the people.

A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

COW-CAMP COOK



"On cattle drives, every man has a job to do, and every job is important.



"When cowboys spent months on the lonely trail, driving huge herds of cattle hundreds of miles to the lush grazing lands of Wyoming, it is easy to understand why they looked on their cook as just about the most important member of the crew. He was a man with problems, too!



"One of these was the weather. On hot nights, bread dough rose too fast, and he would have to keep kneading it down. On cold nights, he had to keep the dough warm, or it wouldn't rise at all.



"The first man up in the morning, the last man bedded down at night, there was hardly a minute when he wasn't working. When he wasn't cooking, he was scouring pots and pans or sharpening knives.



"It was absolutely necessary that the crew camp where some kind of timber was available. The fire on which he cooked was important, so he had to know the heat-producing qualities of all kinds of wood.



"The cook had to be a bullwhacker, too. He drove his own wagon and team—often where there were no roads at all—always pressing toward Wyoming and the end of the trail drive."

BONANZA LAND

I NEED HELP, MARSHAL! I CAME HERE LAST WEEK FROM BACK EAST, AND I FIND I CAN'T EVEN GET NEAR THE LAND I BOUGHT! IT'S SWACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMEONE ELSE'S SPREAD!

WHAT IN THE WORLD MADE YOU BUY SUCH A PIECE OF LAND?

MARSHAL'S OFFICE

A FELLOW APPROACHED ME AND OFFERED TO SELL ME THIS PLOT OF LAND REAL CHEAP...SO I BOUGHT IT!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST ONE WHO'S BEEN TAKEN IN BY THAT SWINDLE!

IT'S AN OLD TRICK OUT HERE! SOME UNSCRUPULOUS RANCHERS SELL OFF THE MIDDLE SECTION OF THEIR SPREAD TO A GREENHORN, KNOWING HE CAN'T POSSIBLY GET TO HIS LAND WITHOUT TRESPASSING ILLEGALLY!

WHEN THE "VICTIM" DISCOVERS HE CAN'T ACTUALLY GET TO THE LAND HE BOUGHT, HE'S USUALLY HAPPY TO SELL IT BACK...AND AT A GREAT LOSS TO HIMSELF!

THAT FELLOW CLEM BURNS SURE HAS SOWN ME UP ALL RIGHT!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF CLEM BURNS'S SPREAD? THEN I THINK MAYBE YOU'RE HOLDING THE TRUMP CARD, AFTER ALL! CLEM DISCOVERED GOLD ON THAT PROPERTY OF YOURS YESTERDAY!

GOLD...BUT WHAT GOOD DOES THAT DO ME?

YOU CAN'T GET NEAR IT, THAT'S TRUE, BUT CLEM CAN...ONLY HE CAN'T TOUCH IT BECAUSE YOU OWN THE LAND! SEEMS TO ME YOU TWO COULD FORM A MIGHTY POWERFUL PARTNERSHIP, RUSTY!

LOOKS LIKE I PUT OVER A RIGHT SMART DEAL, AFTER ALL, EH, MARSHAL? GEE, YEH!